THE BRINKLEY GIRL

"THE BETTY I LIKE BEST," SAYS NELL BRINKLEY IN N. Y. JOURNAL

By Nell Brinkley.

(New York Journal)

HERE'S one of the bunch of Bettys that we have these days. The Bettys—oh, a heap clever man I know said—are this day all hair and hats and no bodies. They are like fluffy-headed flowers with shaggy petals and slender stalks.

And the heavy, shaggy head waves and nods and sways on the slender stalk, and it bends this way and that way, and the poor blessed Billy wonders will it break—the stalk of the heavy-headed Betty of this day?

I'm going to make—for this day, and other days after that—the different Bettys that make the heart of William jump and go a-skyjah when Betty swings by. But they will all be the Bettys of this day, and they will all be pretty. Because I don't like to make them the other way—with a Jo-Jo face.

This one is the Betty that I like to make the best. She's my own particular, special Betty. And there are a very great many of her, from here clear out to the purple Rockies, all the way.

She has a sassy nose and her sleek little brows are neat and high, and they climb clear up under her hair when she is wondering.

Her eyes aren't so whoppish big, but they're jolly eyes, and they say all kinds of things to Billy folk, and they wink and signal at him till he is ready to die the death of a rag baby for her.

Her neck is as young as a kiddie's neck, with a little hollow just where the chin slips into the throat, and the Bettys with that will never have that awful thing, a double chin.

I didn't have room to make her waist—I'd run clear off the page if I made all of Betty—but it is a nice, nerdy, big one and no Betys would turn their way, pink faces over their shoulders and say "wasp waist" at her.

This Betty isn't tall and dusky, with a long Florentine face and slow eyes and long reaching arms and languid steps that make the gaws at her to whisper as she goes. This Betty is as short as any Betty you know, and there aren't any hands in her to dig into you if she jabbed you with her elbow at a bargain sale.

This Betty is soft and fine and her arms are short and her hands are kid hands.

Her mouth is red like peppins early in the new time and it laughs heaps.

Her hair is the color of honey—the pale shiny gold honey—and she doesn't have to climb into her white tub all bristling with savage with curl papers.

Somehow, when she starts out, it is pretty smooth and rough fine, but the wind grabs her and tousles her and roughs it all up and at the back do it that she goes it is all like I make it. Because this Betty begins to talk with her shoulders when she thinks of a hair net.

This Betty that I like to make "plus" of the best is just a short, quick-stepping, comfy Betty, with gold hair and a sweet face—a Betty that fluffs all up in spite of herself that is debonair and wise in the lessons and hats she buys herself.

There are many of these Bettys, and I've told just how she is. But, of course, in my "plus" I have made her in all things more than she is. But the things I make in she and I like to make her the best.

The Outdoor Betty--A Brinkley Girl

She's the Outdoor Betty, and All the Billys Think She's a Jolly Good Fellow.

By Nell Brinkley

(New York Journal.)

IT DOESN'T matter what color this Betty's hair is. It can be as black as hades, or gold, or red brown, or maybe it can be even the color that is no color at all—the color that isn't pretty or doesn't shine.

It doesn't matter a rip about her eyes, or her nose, or the height of her body, or any of those things that are good to look at. Sometimes this Betty is pretty, and sometimes she is weirdly not, but almost always she is the finest thing, and the jolliest and the nicest to a heap of Billys' hearts that you ever saw in this sweet, sweet world.

This particular special Betty is one I know, but there are troops of her in the world that don't look just like her.

She's a long, lithe-limbed Betty, with a fine swing to her walk, and broad shoulders, with the fine, bony structure showing under the muscles.

She does her hair in a big knot at the nape of her neck. It's pale, honey-colored, and when she starts out anywhere it's smooth and fine, but she's such a strenuous gay tomboy that it rumples and roughs up and flies across her face till she looks like a Shetland pony.

It doesn't seem to make the Billys sad over it, either, for they troop at her heels and pester her to death, just to be made eyes at through the tumbled streaming hair of her.

She rides her horse like a daredevil cowboy, in knickers and a long coat, and she'd rather climb into the saddle and go whooping and yi to the fool of the mountains than go in ten dandy dances with a new fluffy dress for each dance.

She has a gay, scarlet sweater, and she smothers it over her head and jams the high, woolly collar up under her chin, and tramps the prairies and the country roads in the gray rainy days and the snowy ones.

She wears big, flat-heeled Turkskin shoes almost all days and even her very bestest ones are husky little guys.

This Betty does all the things that need a hard-muscled, lean body, like a boy's. She can't play the piano or sing like the other kinds of Bettys can. She looks a funny little violin under her chin sometimes, and she can make it say all things. She can make it laugh, and she can make it wail with all the woe in the world. But she doesn't do that when there's a blood-lashing ride ahead, or a run, or a tramp.

That one little stunt that she can get up and do when all the Bettys are showing off—even that is a Billy sort of a one.

This Betty can swim like a kid that is 10 years old and lives near a swimming hole. She doesn't do it, either, like the other Bettys do. They pile their hair and whisk powder on their little sunny noses, and then, all curled and pretty as anything, they sit in a stunning row dipping their toes in and teasing one another and gossiping in the sun.

And if one of those little Bettys wades in and some murderous giggling Billy reaches out his brown hand and pushes her a bit, and the water floods up to her chin, she shrieks till the mountains shriek back, and splashes and slashes back to the pretty, curled row, and gasps for a long, long time, 'cause she must died a wet, nasty death.

But this Betty winds her hair in tight plastered braids around her head, gets out on the teetering, quivering board, swings there a few minutes and then goes up, and out, in a long, fine curve and into the water clean and fine without a froth.

When she comes up she's all sleek hair, and spluttering and laughing with funny little sobbing chokes. She doesn't even get a little think in her head how she looks; and she looks wondrous fine.

But all Bettys don't when they are all plastered hair, and spinifex, and choking sobs. So those Bettys had better sit in the pretty little curled row and dabble their toes and gossip in the sun.

This Betty looks odd and awkward when she slips into her fluffy dresses and her best manners, and then all the Billys that know her most like other tomboy way get a long sadness on their faces, and wish wildly for a horse and the wilderness. For this Betty is as funny in fluffs

Gray Billy; Red Betty

"This is a gray Billy. He's as patient as the Sphinx or a gray rock. He sits always on the edge of things."
"And this is the red Betty for the gray Billy. She'd talk for him and apologize for him and boss him till he was radiant."
-HE-
-SHE-

By Nell Brinkley.

(New York Journal)

THAT yellow fortune teller of tinsel and brass rings and glass beads and tattered yellow silk and soiled fingers, of its coins flaring at the root of its brown throat—that mock fortune teller, the almanac, tells you with a grimy forefinger to its gipsy brow what the stars tell about the mating of Billys and Bettys.

And the mock fortune teller says the stars say that Bettys and Billys are colors. Red Billys, with roaring tempers, don't match well with ditto red Bettys, who kick chairs and things, too.

Indigo blue Billys, with thunder on their brows and "what's the use?" in their hearts, don't match well with indigo blue Bettys, who put their noses against the pane and wish they were dead when the steak is cooked to coke and the cream won't whip.

Billys—so the tinsel fortune teller says the stars say—should pick on the rows of many Bettys—blue ones and green ones, red golden ones and white ones—and the Betty that is just the thing that is isn't to be the one to tell the tale of woodsy to and pack off to live in his house forever and ever, amen.

I don't know, but I bet you the soul above my right eyebrow—that I twist when I can't think what I want to say—that the stars say that, and then wish a mighty, unholy wish at the moon.

But, anyway, this is to be a bunch of almanac Billys and Bettys.

He sits always on the edge of things.

His hair a mighty and wondrous forehead, and the hair sweeps back from it and fringes over his collar.

His walk is very apologetic and digests food and the mouth and heavy wisdom of all the books in the world hang upon him.

He has two great glares of glasses in front of his near-sighted eyes and in hurries along home on his lean legs every night hugging the things that the butcher and the baker and all the rest of the smiling sues of the trade have told him "seemed" about.

And this is the red Betty for the gray Billy. She is much big and sometimes beautiful. And her hair is most always gilt colored. It doesn't matter whether she's rich and perfumed and coiffured, with much clinking money, or whether her coins rattle like when she shakes her money box and listens.

She will always look like the many clinking coins.

She will always be piled and breathing hard with the wonder of love and fur and drooping feathers, of the poor kind or the rich, and she will compose and boss and charm to either.

She sweeps when she walks, and all the fur and lace of her rustles like the Cheyenne chinook coming down out of the cold hills.

"You just lay it," sits upon her with a firm, sure air.

She'd buy all the eggs, and carry them, too, when she and the gay Billy went home and the butcher and the baker and all the smiling sues of the trade would look away their